

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

A WELL-KNOWN film critic has dropped a bombshell by suggesting that the B.B.C. should drop the "Forces Programme" as it is in its present form.

He is speaking for the home listener and says, "The tide of criticism is rising. In buses, bars, and places where they speak their minds, I hear but one opinion. They can't take it."

Well, I contend that if you don't like any programme you don't tune in to it... you don't HAVE TO.

The point surely is... what do the Forces think about it?

I myself cannot say, as I am not in the Forces. My only association with radio throughout the last war was when a kindly gunner-signaller allowed me to listen to a German spotter plane say "Goot" every time the German artillery hit the target. That can hardly be called a pleasant introduction to the wonder of wireless.

There was no such thing as Forces Programme, and the only connection with home was the very irregular mail which managed to force its way through a U-boat-infested Aegean Sea.

So that I never had the chance of hearing the singers, actors and musicians of the day, and never the possibility of a greeting from home.

Singers, etc., I imagine, are always welcome... they were even when heard on well-worn gramophone records, but I often wonder what effect it must have on a chappie well and truly up to the neck in mud and trouble, to hear the loving voice of a relative just when he is completely "fed."

Always presuming, of course, that at the precise moment that that voice is on the air, the person for whom it is intended is able to listen... a VERY slender possibility.

Knowing full well that the people who can listen-in are not those who are actually in action (or ARIE Servicemen encouraged to fight to the tune of, say, "My Heart Tells Me") or on duty which takes them away from the wireless, then, the question arises...

Are the majority getting the benefit, or is it just the few who are either, in reserve... at base, or intermediate stations between front line and base... or at sea, where it is very questionable whether the listening, if any, is not devoted to a much more serious purpose.

To put it bluntly, what chance has private Jones, A.B. Smith or Flt.-Lieut. Brown got of hearing the message

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

from his wife, sweetheart or whoever it may be, and when he gets it, what effect will it have on him... and what do all the other fellows who are listening-in care, anyway?

As I say, I cannot tell, I am not in a position to judge, but if I were a young married man I very much doubt if the voice of my wife or my child would have any other effect than that of making me extremely homesick, utterly fed-up, and completely sick and tired of whatever was keeping me away from them.

And if these programmes add to a man's discomfort in mind or body, then the people who send out the stuff are not helping the war effort, are they?

I never—nor have you—heard of a radio programme that helped to win a battle or buttress a campaign.

But I have heard—and so have you—of such a display of sound as Piper Findlater played on his bagpipes when his comrades stormed the heights of Dargai! That was no distant encouragement from over the radio, but a visible, terrible exhibition of courage; and it got the V.C. to wounded Findlater.

Assuming our supposition to be correct, it means that radio programmes in their present form are wanting in some aspect.

What is that aspect? Why, it is the visible, present, personal note!

Is such a thing possible? Of course it is. We have it in General Montgomery's call to the nation (not only to the Service men), and to an even more personal degree in the actions of the late General Wingate, who recently met his fate in Burma.

For Wingate used to go among his men and quote to them bits out of the Bible, inspiring passages that have stirred men all down the ages.

He spoke the words. He infused his men with enthusiasm. He made personal contact. And that is what we all want and need.

Imagine the uplift of spirit that comes when a man, a leader, turns to his men and quotes the magnificent phrase: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

And again: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil."

Ah, there we have the message that sustained Wingate and Montgomery and thousands of men who followed their tracks! Never mind whether it comes from the Scriptures.

I quote these facts merely to show that what every man needs is the Voice that speaks personally to him, the Voice that encourages him, the message that lifts him up when he is in misery bodily and pain mentally.

I do not ask the B.B.C. to send out quotations from Scripture. But I do know that, whatever a man's circumstances, whatever his agony and despair and fed-upness, it isn't a song over the radio that will help him.

It is something that he needs where he knows he can link in

"Living Costs"—and how

(From J. M. Michaelson)

THE Ministry of Labour announces that the cost of living last month rose by one point to 198.... That, or similar statements, announcing the rise or fall of the cost of living by a point or two, are made every month.

To the ordinary man buying his cigarettes and beer and the housewife shopping for the family, "The Cost of Living Index" is just a mysterious figure concocted by some anonymous official who obviously doesn't know that fresh vegetables have doubled or more in price and that dozens of ordinary articles, from household china and linen to children's clothes, have increased up to 200 per cent. in cost—leaving out the question of quality.

The official rise in the cost of living since the outbreak of war is 28 per cent., and has now been pretty steady for many months. Anyone who remembers the days when cigarettes were twenty for a shilling and you could get a seat at the cinema for sixpence, will be inclined to say that it must be the cost of merely existing rather than living that they talk about.

Now, in fact, this figure is calculated with considerable scientific precision. It is not guesswork, and although, as experts themselves would be the first to admit, the present system has grave weaknesses, it serves a useful purpose as a "thermometer" of the rise and fall of the cost of maintaining a certain standard of life. Revising the method of calculation was a job which Ministry of Labour experts had in hand before the war, and completing the investigation will be one of the first jobs for after the war.

The usefulness of having a sort of barometer that shows the cost of keeping a certain standard of living month by month is obvious. It enables discussions on wages to be conducted scientifically, and, in fact, the wages of a considerable number of people, especially Civil Servants, are directly related to the rise or fall of the cost of living as shown by the index. What has changed is our idea of "living."

The cost-of-living index originated in 1904, when there were no cinemas, no National Health Insurance, no silk stockings. Cigarette-smoking had not become a national pastime, vitamins were unknown. Most men and women lived very close to their work.

Our way of life, in fact, has changed completely, but the standard on which the cost of living is officially calculated remains that of 1904, or at best 1914, when the index was revised, and July 1914 taken to be "100," the "normal."

When experts wanted to find out the "real" value of wages from month to month, they set about compiling a "standard" shopping basket for the average housewife. Hundreds of investigations were made in different parts of the country to see how many pounds of potatoes, butter, meat, and so on, the ordinary housewife bought each week.

The price of these was then discovered, and by calculations with the varying cost of this "standard" or "average" basket of food, it was possible to show by means of an index how the cost of buying it went up and down each month. The index did not show the rise or fall in price of all foods—it is a comment on the times that

with those at home... ultimately and finally.

I'd like to see the man who could criticise THAT stuff that rises high above the sound of battle and hurls its note of triumph into Eternity. It makes the radio programme mighty thin material. Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

the "standard" basket contained no fresh vegetables and fruit, but an immense quantity of potatoes. Nor did it show the prices as a percentage.

What it told the housewife was, in fact, that if last month she has been able to buy her "standard" basket of food, containing so many pounds of meat of different kinds and qualities, so many pounds of bread, so many pounds of potatoes, etc., for 100s., she would this month have to pay 102s., or perhaps only 98s.

In the same way, the other household expenditures from rent to clothing were most carefully calculated in accordance with statistics obtained from hundreds of housewives in different parts of the country. A small sum was allowed for "extras," and then the whole put together to give an index to the cost of living.

No doubt in 1904, or even in 1914, this index was, within its limits, a fairly accurate measure. But since those days we have revolutionised our habits. For instance, the housewife's basket used to contain 2lbs. of butter and 7lbs. of meat! We should like to see it now at any price! On the other hand, she spent only 16 per cent. of her money on rent, and the assumption is made that every house in the country comes under the Rent Restriction Act.

Even worse is the allowance of only four per cent.—less than one-twentieth, of the income—for "extras," which included fares, amusements, tobacco, newspapers—everything that was not food, rent, fuel, clothing. This sum to-day would probably not pay the average person's fares, much less his most reasonable amusements.

Our ideas on food have changed greatly, and—the war apart—the ordinary housewife would rightly spend on such things as milk, oranges and green vegetables a proportion of her budget that would have horrified her grandmother. Because the index is based on this "standard" shopping basket, it takes no account of this.

We demand running water, baths, and other necessities in our houses to-day. That makes rents higher. But the assumption inherent in the index calculations is that we are still living in the same kind of house or flat.

It is not easy to change the index. Once you start to change the whole basis of the calculations and make out a new budget and shopping basket, you lose the value of comparison with previous years. The conditions during a war are so artificial, with everything rationed or controlled, that such a change would be impossible. But once conditions become stabilised, new calculations will be made, based on what the housewife of 1945, or whenever it may be, is really spending her money on. To have any value, this new budget and basket will have to be kept for many years, and small variations in habits ignored until at last it, in its turn, becomes out of date.

Even with all its deficiencies the Cost of Living Index has been of great value. Since the Great War, the pay of Civil Servants, for instance, has been automatically increased (or decreased) whenever the Cost of Living Index has averaged a rise or fall of five points over a period. Moreover, the rise has been proportionately greater for those earning small salaries than for those earning



News and Photos from Home for A.B. Ronald Kinnear

THIS is the story of The Three Mrs. Kinnears—who all live in the same street.

The houses in Mossy Bank Road, Egremont, Wallasey, Cheshire, are trim little homes. They're all in a row, each one identical with its neighbour.

But within the cosy rooms of two of those houses live the three Mrs. Kinnears. They're the relatives of A.B. Torpedo-man Ronald James Kinnear, and their story is quite an odd contrast to the street where the houses are all the same. For these reasons:—

No. 20 holds a special sentimental value for a certain submariner whose home it is—and you know who that is, Ronald!

Here live two of the Mrs. Kinnears in the picture (your mother and your sister-in-law, Marion); your father; and your nine-year-old sister, Pat, whose great joy is to nurse your four-month-old brother, Malcolm.



£200 or more. Many hundreds of wage differences have been settled with the Cost of Living Index as the "talking figure," both sides recognising that it was only a rough approximation.

What we may have after the war, instead of a Cost of Living Index, is an index showing the cost of maintaining a certain minimum standard of life—a very different thing. This minimum may vary greatly from decade to decade—the minimum standard of living in Britain to-day, even under war conditions, is probably higher than was that of a "well-off" artisan of 1904. Such an index would genuinely show whether there was a case for a rise or a fall in wages in relation to the bread-and-butter of living, with a reasonable spreading of jam.

And just across the street lives Mrs. Emma Kinnear, your grandmother.

Listen to her story. At the age of 67 she goes off each day, sprightly and cheerful, to the war factory to "do her bit"—night shift and all!

She's a rather unusual little old lady (1944 style), living in an ordinary house in an everyday street....

There hangs a tale, too, around the picture of mother and sister with four-month-old Malcolm.

You had made your mother promise, when you went away, to get your tiny brother's photograph taken and send it on to you.

There are a hundred and one things to prevent a busy housewife from taking the child to the photographer. But in this case the "Good Morning" cameraman went to the child, and—here's the picture, Ronald, with our compliments.

Good Hunting!

And—Home Town Shorts

7,000 MILES TO FUNERAL. PERCY FORD, of the Royal Marines, travelled 7,000 miles from Colombo, Ceylon, on compassionate leave, to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Leah Amor, aged 77, of Upwey, near Weymouth. Thirteen other sons and daughters were present.

"JAP PUB."

A GROUP of American soldiers on leave in a West Country town after battle inoculation puzzled the inhabitants by asking for the "Jap pub."

It turned out that they were looking for the local "Rising Sun"!

THERE'S A NEST OVER THE COWSHED

From Fred Kitchen

THE chances of the swallows down the shed, and was carried bringing off their brood was very doubtful from the first— for even a swallow must not make a mess of a clean cowshed floor.

The cowman was for having the birds driven away, for they were careless builders and the floor under their nest became splashed with mud.

But even he succumbed to the pleasure of watching them dart into the cowshed with mud, watching the mud walls grow higher and higher, until the floor ceased to receive any more of the droppings, and the birds began to line the nest with feathers.

Then the sparrows interfered, and it looked as though the swallows' would have to move out.

Not that the sparrows wanted the nest—their nesting place is up in the rafters, and the swallows' nest was under a joist, just over the doorway.

It was just mischief, but for several days the sparrows hopped down, trying to take feathers out of the nest.

But the swallows stuck to it, darting and swirling at their tormentors, until the sparrows got tired of the game and left them in peace.

Then, for a time, all was quiet around the swallow nest, and all that could be seen during milking time was the pink-and-black head of a swallow peeping over the top of the nest.

One afternoon she flew off, and one of the lads climbed up to investigate, and reported five white eggs with reddish-brown spots on a bed of soft feathers.

All through the early summer, the dairy men were entertained by the two swallows darting in at the doorway, dropping flies and insects into five ever-open mouths, and darting out again in search of more.

Then the nest became too crowded for the growing and restless brood. One morning, a half-feathered youngster lay helpless on the floor below.

He was rescued before Peter, the cat, took his morning stroll

Soon after that event, Mrs. Swallow showed her ingenuity and gained the applause of the watching cow lads.

One afternoon, the five young swallows were seen seated in a row on the wide sill of the cowshed window.

The window is the haunt of flies and midges innumerable, and—to everyone's astonishment—down came Mrs. Swallow on to the sill and literally swept those midges off the glass into five open and waiting bills.

Even that wasn't quick enough to satisfy the greedy youngsters, who soon mended the pace by picking for themselves.

The swallow nest is now deserted. The nestlings balance themselves uncertainly on the joist.

The parents push first one and then another off its perch, then dart underneath, until the youngster finds its wings.

Through the doorway they go, giving them their first lessons in taking the air.

Milking time will seem strange for a while when the summer visitors have gone.



SPEED LIMIT 4½ M.P.H.!

Here's the way great-granddad rushed off to market way back in the 1830's or some such—so that his eggs would be nice and fresh when he put 'em up for sale. These speedster vehicles were made by a Suffolk blacksmith, and very popular they were, too. Weighing only about a couple of hundredweight or so, Granfer trundled it along the highway by turning that propeller thing you see in his hands. Mighty good exercise it was, too. But what were the feet for? Don't be silly—that Suffolk blacksmith anticipated the method of the Spitfire pilot and used the feet for guiding his speedy tricycle. And notice the springy seat. All built for comfort, in fact!

They are "Model" armies

By Peter Davis

feet of the United Services Museum.

Some model soldiers to-day have bottles of beer in their base camps. There are realistic battie scenes, complete with stretcher cases; Foreign Legion units complete with palm trees;

bare-armed desert troops embossed and painted so cleverly that you can even see the muscles of their arms.

Toy—beg pardon, MODEL—soldiers have fought their way from their wire-bound boxes into the collector's case. And there, amid realistic scenery, they go marching on. Collectors are like that!

FINDING ISN'T KEEPING

Says
Robert de Witt

AT an inquest on 96 sovereigns and half-sovereigns found by a gardener digging up an old tree recently, the coroner and his jury ordered that 70 per cent. of the proceeds of the sale of the gold to the Bank of England should go to the gardener and 30 per cent. to the five-year-old son of his employer, whose remark, "Are you losing your money?" drew the gardener's attention to the coins he had turned up.

Coroners' inquests are held only on hoards of precious metals which have been deliberately hidden by someone. A bag of sovereigns accidentally dropped in a field would not be "treasure trove," but a similar bag found stuffed up a chimney in a house would probably be considered so. It is the duty of anyone finding any hidden coins and treasure, even if they are hidden on his own property, to report the fact to the coroner, who, if he has any doubts, holds an inquest on them. Treasure trove becomes the property of the Crown, but, in fact, to-day, the Crown is only interested in articles of historical worth for museums, etc., and the finder is normally rewarded with the full value. Undoubtedly, because people are not fully aware of this, many ancient gold coins, ornaments, etc., have been melted down and disposed of for a fraction of their value as "antiques," and our museums have lost valuable exhibits.

The law on the finding of "lost" articles is not so simple. The finder is, of course, bound to hand over the articles to the police or some other proper body. But he naturally feels he should be rewarded. There

is a popular belief that the finder is entitled to ten per cent. of the value of the article. In fact, the finder has no rights at all, except that where the article is found in a "public place" he has first claim to it if the owner cannot be found. This means, in effect, that when advertising, and so on, for a reasonable period has failed to produce a claim, it is given to the finder. Normally the police receipt for an article given to them by the finder states that it will be handed to him if the true owner is not discovered in three months.

But if the owner turns up, the finder has no legal claim to a reward. In fact, of course, a grateful owner does usually give a reward in proportion to the value of the article. But what constitutes a "fair reward" varies enormously. A dance band leader who lost a ring whose intrinsic value was 5s. gave the finder £20, because he was so pleased, as the ring was of sentimental value. The finder of £1,500 in bonds some time ago was rewarded with a cup of coffee and a bun, and, later, ten shillings. In a Scottish court some years ago it was decided that 1s. in the £ was a fair reward for finding £20 in notes. In another case, a court agreed that £1 was a fair reward for a man who had found £9, but the owner, learning the finder was a poor man, added £4 to this sum.

Here's how they clean up your cash

J. M. MICHAELSON
TELLS YOU

BRITAIN has the cleanest money in the world, and this high standard has been maintained during the war, in spite of the vastly increased quantity of money in circulation and the shortage of labour to deal with it. Occasionally you may be handed a ten-shilling or £1 note that looks as if it ought to go to the laundry, but in the ordinary way notes that are the worse for wear are picked out by the banks for return to the Bank of England before they have become really dilapidated.

Formerly, notes were "laundered" by the Bank of England and returned to circulation. Now, in order to save transport and labour, the banks return to the Bank of England only badly soiled notes, and these are destroyed, being replaced by freshly printed ones.

Precautions are necessary in destroying notes to ensure that there is absolutely no chance of even a single one getting back into circulation. Until recently, burning was the universal method of destruction all over the world. Millions of pounds used to "go up in smoke" at the special incinerator used by the Bank of England near London. The notes selected for destruction were placed in sealed packets, and these went into the furnace with a liberal supply of fuel. The cleverest forger could not have made use of what remained in a few minutes.

Nowadays, in order to save paper, chemical and mechanical methods of destruction are used. The notes as they come in from banks all over the country are examined one by one by specially trained girls. They look for forgeries—extremely rare

nowadays—and check the numbers. Then the notes are "cancelled" by being punched with holes. The number and position of the holes is kept a secret. Finally the notes are bundled, and, together with the fragments punched out, are pulped by machinery. The pulp is valuable, especially in war-time. In the U.S., paper-money pulp is specially prized for book covers, and many people possess books bound in boards whose "face value" was once many thousands of pounds!

The procedure with £5 notes and, until their issue was stopped, of notes of greater value, is different. Every bank keeps a record of every £5 note paid in and out, and fivers are comparatively easy to trace. Banks are cautious about changing fivers for people they do not know, because if they make a mistake and the note proves to be stolen, they have to bear the cost. If you have a fiver stolen, you can inform the Bank of England for a fee of 2s. 6d. The Bank will then delay payment of the fiver if it is handed in until you have been informed. It notifies all other banks of the number, and cashiers keep a look-out for it.

Five-pound notes being returned to the Bank are examined carefully and then cancelled by having a piece cut off. They are then filed for at least five years, so that reference can be made to them if required. The history of every five-pound note is more or less known from the time it leaves the Bank of England as a delightfully crinkly piece of white paper to the time it comes back, creased, scribbled on and dirty. The "life" of a five-pound note is longer than that of a 10s. or £1 note, which is generally three or four months if it is kept in circulation and not hoarded. For some reason, £1 notes wear better than 10s. notes.

Every year a considerable amount of money in Britain "disappears." In the last fifty years millions of pounds' worth of coin has just vanished, as well as many thousands of Bank-notes. Perhaps they are just "lost" or burned in fires. As far as the notes are concerned, the Bank of England has a record of them, and after twenty years "writes off" those lost or destroyed without trace. Five-pound notes are given a double life—forty years. The "profit" goes to the Treasury, so that if you lose a £5 note and no one finds it, taxpayers forty years hence will benefit!

Where notes are burned or mutilated, the Bank of England will replace them in full if sufficient remains for identification and it is satisfied as to the genuineness of the claim. Since the war there have been a greatly increased number of claims, due to bombing. Where the note has all its index letters and numbers undamaged, and the phrase, "I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of ——" as well as most of the cashier's signature, the Post Office will replace the note on sight. At the Bank of England they have experts engaged in examining damaged and mutilated notes, and some reduced almost to pulp by water or burned almost completely to ash have been replaced for their owners.

Sunday Thoughts

Look round the habitable world! How few know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue! Dryden.

We have heard without ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them. Book of Common Prayer.

Mine is no narrow creed, And He who gave thee being did not frame The mystery of life to be the sport

Of merciless Man. There is another world For all that live and move... a better one! Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine Infinite goodness to the little pounds

Of their own charity, may envy thee. Southey, "On the Death of a Favourite Spaniel."

The power of kings (if rightly understood) Is but a grant from Heaven of doing good. William Somerville (1675-1742).

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. St. Paul.

One collector, a Wigan barrister, can stage a march-past of 60,000 figures, from ancient Britons to British Home Guards. A Hunstanton Journalist, with 20,000 pieces, used to attend Army manoeuvres to learn details.

A West End tailor who is secretary of the society, on the other hand, has few pieces after 1914. But his 6,000-figure collection of picturesque Life Guardsmen, Hussars, killed Highlanders, is unrivalled.

A small boy to-day won't look at red-coated Guards, and wants battle-dress. The red-coats have become rarities, and the 911-piece collection of Napoleon's Army, housed by the United Service Institution, is irreplaceable.

The Germans used to have an exclusive hold on the toy soldier trade, before it was captured by Britain. Now some collectors make their own Lord Greenway, for instance, recruits lead models into his army by painting them—and has models of all the Indian cavalry brigades as they were before the war. Another collector, a Lowestoft school-master, uses model soldiers to teach history—and his pupils have brought him up to date with correct models of ack-ack guns.

Captain William Siborne, however, has licked them all with a nine-foot-to-the-mile model of the field of Waterloo. Displaying 47 regiments of cavalry and 47 battalions of infantry, it fills 400 square

BUCK RYAN

NO, IT ISN'T A DREAM—

WE'RE AIRBORNE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WERE WE DOPED OR JUST DOPED WITH FATIGUE? PRISONERS? GOSH, WHERE'S ZOLA?

SHE WAS HERE! OH, I GET IT— SHE'S PULLED THE CAMOUFLAGE NETTING OVER HER FACE

YE GODS— A NIP! HOW THE DEVIL DID HE GET IN HERE?

DEAD! WAS HE IN HERE BEFORE WE ARRIVED—OR— ???

I'D BETTER WAKEN ZOLA AND MAKE SURE THAT I'M NOT SLEEP-WALKING

OH, HELLO, BUCK. I WAS DREAMING THAT— WE WERE FLYING TO BURMA AGAIN

IT'S NO DREAM, ZOLA. WE ARE FLYING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED... NO, PLEASE DON'T YELL. I'M JUST AS SCARED AS YOU!

THERE'S A DEAD NIP IN HERE. HE'S BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD, WHICH SUGGESTS THAT THE CREW MAY NOT BE JAPANESE... WHEN MY KNEES STOP DITHERING I MIGHT FIND ENOUGH COURAGE TO TAKE A PEEP

D-DID YOU S-S-SEE—

JUST ONE—A JAP. THAT'S ENOUGH TO KNOW THE WORST!

HOW MANY C-CROW, C-CREW, MEN, DOES THIS BOAT C-CARRY?

TEN (GULP), PERHAPS. MAY BE LESS BUT, IT IS A BIG 'UN!

TEN. WE HAVEN'T A HOPE!

YES, WE'RE IN THE LIONS' DEN NOW—BUT, CHIN UP! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THESE YELLOW DWARFS LICK US

DON'T CRY, ZOLA. IT MAKES ME FEEL EVEN MORE WRETCHED FOR GETTING YOU INTO THIS—

S-SORRY

THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION. WE ARE BOTH ARMED AND WE'VE GOT THIS METAL WALL BETWEEN US AND THE CREW

YES, THAT'S SOMETHING!

SKIPPER CALLING NAOKI. WE ARE BEYOND ENEMY RANGE NOW... GO AFT AND RENDER COMFORT TO THE WOUNDED ONE

LISTEN—FOOTSTEPS!

BUCK—I-I'M TERRIFIED!

QUICK—DUCK UNDER THIS NET

WE'VE GOT ONE OF THE LITTLE DUCK-BUILT YELLOW-SKINS, ZOLA!

HELP ME TAKE OFF HIS LEATHER JACKET. IT SHOULD JUST ABOUT FIT YOU

MUST I, BUCK?

IT'S DISTASTEFUL TO ME TOO, MY DEAR— BUT THEIR TREATMENT OF US WOULDN'T BE QUITE SO HUMANE IF THIS SITUATION WAS REVERSED

AND YOU'LL BE GLAD TO WEAR THIS JACKET IF THE ALTITUDE SOARS

O.K., BUT LET'S COVER HIM WITH THIS CAMOUFLAGE NETTING

HE'LL BE MISSED SOON, I SUPPOSE. WHAT DO WE DO THEN?

TRY A REPEAT PERFORMANCE AND HOPE THAT OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL IS FLYING CO-PILOT

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE mystery about the Himmler stamp is no nearer solution. You may recollect that a small number of copies came into Switzerland last September on business correspondence, and aroused a good deal of excited speculation. It was supposed that stamps bearing the portrait of Reichminister for the Interior Heinrich Himmler had been printed against the day of Hitler's overthrow, and some had been prematurely put into circulation.

If this were true, the leakage was soon stopped, and no more copies reached Berne. The German authorities made no comment. Philatelists paid as much as £35 for a copy. The British philatelic Press suggested that the stamp was a fraud, and warned collectors against buying at fancy figures.

What I think is a likely explanation of the stamp's origin is suggested by the "Berne Briefmarken-Zeitung," the Swiss stamp journal. "We don't know," they remark, "whether it was used as a stamp proper or only as a vignette beside the current stamps with the picture of Adolf Hitler." The adhesive label adjoining postage stamps is still quite common on the Continent, where there is apparently no present shortage of paper.

The "Briefmarken-Zeitung" gives the following information: The stamp is printed by flat press on unwatermarked paper, with perforation 14 by 14½; it is coloured violet, and the figure 6 in the top corners probably means that it is a six-pfennig stamp or a label adjoining that value. It is not known whether any other values exist. The design is, of course, similar to the current Hitler portrait set.



The copy illustrated in this column is greatly enlarged. It was cancelled at Stuttgart on the 23rd of September, 1943.

Countries under German occupation are prolific as ever in their issue of stamps. No doubt they work under the authority and guidance of the Germans, for most of the stamps, pictorial or commemorative, have some propaganda value favourable to the Nazi rule.



The activities of the Germans in the realm of stamp issues will be worth careful study when the war is finished and the facts revealed. The level of design and production is high. Stamp Day is still celebrated in Germany every year, and with good reason. The 1943 design for Bohemia and Moravia is reproduced in this column.

To commemorate the 600th anniversary of the State of Lublin, the Poles brought out four pictorials of the city, well balanced in design (two of them are illustrated here), with the inscription, "Deutsches Reich Generalgouvernement." There is a heavy surcharge for an unspecified charity.



Good Morning



"And, another thing. All this talk about wine, women and song. That isn't new, my dear. Just look at the lovely lady here with the bottle of bubbly. That picture was taken eighty years ago at least, and I must say, she'd pass as a beauty to-day, even without the bubbly."



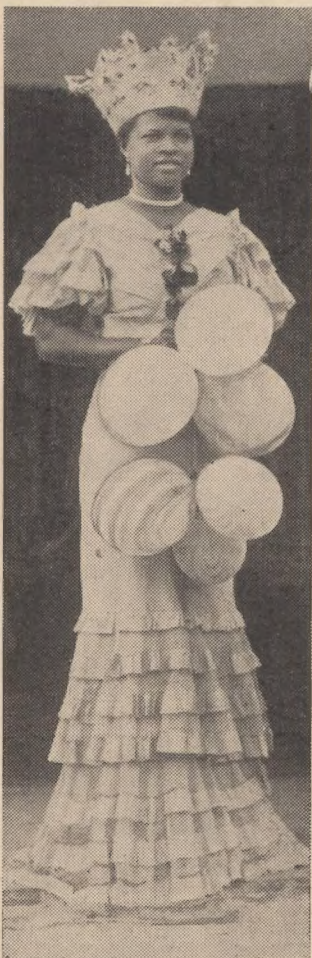
"And as for young girls drinking. I agree that under eighteen is certainly too young; but just look at this young madam, positively straining at the leash to get at that bottle. Why, if it wasn't for the restraining influence of her sister — goodness only knows! Things haven't changed much these last ninety years, have they?"

★ "Now, listen, my dear. It's no use you tearing your hair and asking what the world is coming to, just because you see a few nude photographs in the papers nowadays. Why, do you know, this one here was taken nearly a hundred years ago, and mighty good it looks even now, don't you think?" ★

A CENTURY OF BEAUTY



"There, now — perhaps you'd better not look. What a pity she's covering her face, though. Did you say you weren't looking at her face? Great Scott, what on earth were you looking at? Ah, yes — the number 16, of course. Now tell me it's your lucky number."



"Ah! 'What time does the balloon go up?' Don't be rude. This young lady is the Beauty Queen of West Africa, and her name is Miss Thyra Jones Quartey. Even on the Gold Coast, all that glitters may not be gold, but there are apparently a few 'pearls' knocking around."



"What! Your lucky number 16 again! Now, isn't that strange? Would be much stranger, you know, if your lucky number was attached to your lucky 'star,' too, wouldn't it? Come, come, you've lingered long enough; even though you are no mathematician, you have an amazing weakness for figures."



"Queen of Agriculture," Representing an agricultural product grown in San Diego county. Senorita Conchita Del Rio is garbed in a costume of chili peppers. Come, come — chili, NOT chilly.